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"Sursum Corda."

Tempest-toss'd, and all but shipwreck'd,
What my soul tho' thou mayest be,
There's a beacon o'er the billows,
Burning bright with love for thee.

'Sursum Corda! see the haven
Of God's open Heart for thee,
Hear the soul entrancing music
Of His sweet words, "Come to me!"

"Sursum Corda! hope, and fear not
Bitter blast and stormy sea,
Every pain-fraught act is treasur'd
In My Heart of love for thee!"

"I am light, while thou art darkness,
I can still the stormy wave;
Sursum Corda! Child of sorrow,
Trust the Heart that died to save."

„Mine is Strength that never falters,
Mine is Love that cannot die,
Mine the Death that dearly purchas'd
Thine eternal home on high."

"Sursum Corda! I am watching,
I will do what's best for thee,
All I ask thee in return
Is to lift thy heart to Me!"

"Sweeter far than Seraph Music
Is a sigh of love from thee—
Cherished child, then hear my pleading,
And lift up thy heart to Me!"